(9) 3.

A

TRANSLATION

Of the Sixth Book of

Mr. Cowley's PLANTARUM.

BEING

A Poem upon the late Rebellion, the Happy Restoration of His Sacred Majesty, and the *Dutch* War Ensuing.

Bella per Angliacos *plusquam Civilia Campos*
Jusque datum sceleri canimus——————Lucan.

——*Crimine ab uno*
Disce omnes——————Virg.

LONDON,

Printed for *Samuel Walsall*, at the *Golden Frying-Pan* in *Leaden-Hall-Street*, 1680.

The Preface.

THis little Poem I have Collected and Tranſlated from the Sixth Book of Mr. Cowley's Plantarum, *being intermix't with other Matters and Circumſtances. I am very ſenſible how ill this Piece repreſents the Life, for if no Copy was ever ſo good as the Original,* (*as the* Divine Cowley *himſelf ſays*) *how imperfectly muſt the greateſt* Maſter *perhaps that ever the world knew* (Virgil *excepted*) *be copied by the Pencil of a Dawber? However this Tranſlation may give you a tolerable Proſpect of the Senſe of the Author and the Beauty of his Thoughts, though diveſted of their Ornaments, and perhaps theſe ill-dreſſ't Lines may at leaſt be acceptable to thoſe who have not the advantage of ſeeing them in their rich Habiliments. I have avoided a ſervile, verbal tranſlation, obſerving that noted Rule of* Horace:

Non verbum verbo reddere fidus
Interpres.———————

the only way an Author can be rendred perſpicuous, and (*I may ſay*) *intelligible in another language.*

By a verbal Tranſlation nothing almoſt can be rendred well, and ſome things not tolerably; As Mr. Dryden *in his excellent diſcourſe of Tranſlations before* Ovid's Epiſtles, *obſerves.*

I will produce an inſtance out of the Sixth Book of Mr. Cowley's Plantarum *here tranſlated:*

The Preface.

Tergeminique eâdem fratres in morte Jacentes.

The greateſt Favourite of Apollo *(I doubt) cannot render this well into* Engliſh *any way, much leſs by a literal tranſlation.*

In ſome places of this Poem the ſence is not determin'd at the end of the Stanza, *which (tho improper in Original Poems) I think an ill natur'd Judge may excuſe in a Tranſlation, where a man ha's, at the beſt, but a limited, and no abſolute power, being confin'd to the ſence of the Author; which rather than pervert, I chooſe ſometimes to be a little irregular in inconſiderable matters.*

1.

WHen *Charles* the *Pious*, Son of *James* the *Wiſe*,
In Peace and Plenty *Britain's* Scepter ſway'd,
His Subjects happy (if they knew to prize
Their happineſs) by his juſt Reign were made.

2.

Happy above all Kings, while Fate permits,
Till the curſt Tempeſt of Rebellion came,
Now he 'bove Envy bleſt ſecurely ſits
Among the Gods, crown'd with immortal Fame.

3.

For while the dreadful Storms of cruel War
Did all the reſt of *Europe* rudely ſpoil,
Peace o're the Ocean flew diſturb'd with fear,
And built her warm Neſt in the *Britiſh Iſle*.

4.

Nor did the fruitful Goddeſs ſit in vain,
For ſtrait, Faith, Juſtice, *Plenty*, (who's full *Horn*
A Cure for moſt Diſeaſes do's contain)
The golden Off-ſprings of rich Peace were born.

5.

Such I believe was *Saturn's* Golden Reign.
So ſmoothly paſſ't his quiet years away,
Till Fortune her own weight could not ſuſtain,
Envy'd by Gods, by Men contemn'd, ſhe lay:

6.

And raſh inconſtant men too happy made,
Tir'd with the kindneſs of a lovely Wife,
Exchange her for an ugly painted Jade
Fickle and lew'd; *O bleſſed Change of Life.*

7.

A ſeeming vigorous and luxuriant Health
Death or *Diſeaſe* approaching ſtill portends,
When without cauſe apparent, and by ſtealth
Languiſhing nature with it's own weight bends:

8.

Such was the *Britans* fair and ſickly State,
Happy, if Happineſs they could have known.
Impute not yet their ignorance to Fate,
Since it was wilful, and the crime's their own.

9.

Fore-warning Prodigies, alas! in vain
The fatal Anger of the Gods proclaim;
So is fierce Thunder (which big Clouds contain)
Before it breaks, known by fore-running Flame.

10.

I ſaw, (and ſtill, *methinks*, the horrid Sight
I plainly ſee) *ſad Signs* o're all the Skies;
Heav'n ſeem'd the Tragic Hiſtory to write
Of all our ſad approaching Miſeries.

11.

The *Heavens* (which I tremble but to tell)
Which a bright *Fiery Tempeſt* did infold,
Did *repreſent the Burning Face of Hell*,
And about waves of Flaming Sulphur roll'd.

12.

Strait then appear'd within a broken Cloud
A horrid beauteous Scene, two Armies plac't
And Marſhall'd in rare Order, ready ſtood
For Fight, with ſhining Armour nobly grac't:

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A horrid beauteous Scene, two Armies plac't
And Marſhall'd in rare Order, ready ſtood
For Fight, with ſhining Armour nobly grac't:

13.

Not *Monck* himſelf, that Hero *Monck*, the Grace
And Pillar of his falling Country nam'd,
In better order could thoſe Armies place,
Monck above all in War ſo juſtly fam'd :

14.

Who perhaps in ſome Figure then expreſſ't
In the Cœleſtial Army fiercely rode,
High mounted on a Noble, Fiery Beaſt,
Gracing the Heavens, looking like a God :

15.

I heard (unleſs fear did my ſenſes cheat) (Horſe
The Trumpets ſound the Charge ; here Wings of
With bodies bended forwards fiercely meet ;
The Foot their Spears brandiſh with mighty Force,

16.

They from ætherial Guns true Thunder ſend,
Involving in dark Clouds the Heav'nly Field,
Which did the Cloud-begotten Men defend
From mortal Eyes, and their brave Acts conceal'd.

17. Yet

17.

Yet a confuſed Proſpect of the Fight
And of the Sky with Bloody Rivers ſwell'd
We had by the Armours Brightneſs, and the Light
Of the dire, threatning Flames the Guns expell'd.

18.

At length the Army which the better ſhew'd,
And Nobler both in Men and Armour, flies:
But from the reſt a diſmal gloomy Cloud
And Darkneſs of the future ſeal'd our Eyes.

19.

But nor theſe Prodigies, nor many more,
Which at that time by Pious Men were ſeen,
Did ſtupid *England* to it's Senſe reſtore,
Careleſs, as if it had Lethargic been;

20.

Who then the Murmurs of the fooliſh Croud,
Or hidden Seeds of *Zeal Phanatic*, fear'd?
Or Monſters of the *Caledonian Wood*?
And impious *Cromwell* had not then appear'd.

21.

First rose a Cloud from *Caledonian* ground
Which did the *North* and gentle *Tweed* invade,
Forgetting once he did two Kingdoms bound
He thinks of one he is the Center made :

22.

By popular Winds fiercely impuls't it flyes
To frighten *England* with it's deadly Shade,
First to move terrour only *Scotland* tries,
And in cool blood a Scene of War is plai'd.

23.

A Silver show'r soon put the Foe to flight,
A sort of Weapon never understood
By our Forefathers, who alone in Fight
Profuse, bought Peace with the sole price of Blood.

24.

And yet this people prodigal and vain,
Who did so dearly a short Peace create,
Lasting Rebellion purchas't and Prophane
Dire Civil War at a much dearer rate :

25.

Now Peace it ſelf with the firſt Blood was ſtain'd,
(O dreadful Omen of enſuing Fate!)
A purple Fountain op'ning ſhe prophan'd,
And in the Senate with the Furies ſate.

26.

A great man falls by th' Envy of the Great,
A juſt by th' unjuſt hatred of the Croud,
Noiſe do's the wiſe and Eloquent defeat:
Rivers of Blood (*Strafford*) thy ſacred Blood
Muſt expiate, which Miſeries will bring
Both to the guilty People and the guiltleſs *King*:

27.

Worceſter condemn'd for the firſt ſeat of War,
A mournful Victor her good fate deplores,
Her *Severn's* Tears and Murmurings declare
Her Grief; ſhe rages, foams, and beats the ſhores;

28.

But ſhe that now with ſo much grief and care
The op'ning of the War do's apprehend,
(Who can believe it?) of this fatal War
With much more ſorrow ſhall behold the End;

29. Me-

29.

Methinks I'me mounted high on *Kinton* Hills,
The Vale beneath with a red Sea of Blood
Is overflow'd, and dire *Bellona* fills
With heaps of slaughter'd Men, the sanguine Flood.

30.

What a prodigious Harvest through the Field
Is reap't by *Fiery Rupert's* conquering Sword?
What heaps are by the *Pious Monarch* kill'd?
A mourning Conqu'rour: If the Fates afford

31.

Still a propitious Course, but this one Day
To all that kind of Ills will put an End,
Th' o're hasty Conquest stumbling in the Way
Fell e're it had the Neighbouring Goal attain'd.

32.

Then *Mars* through all the *British Empire* rag'd;
From the *Lands-End* to *Orkney* by the Sun
Coldly oblig'd, no place is disengag'd;
Posses't with Fury all to Ruine run.

33.

What cruel Serpent of the Furies Brood,
Unhappy *England*, did thy Health confound?
All thy ſick Members flow with poiſon'd Blood
That thy whole Body ſeems but as one Wound.

34.

Thrice were thy Fields, unlucky *Newberry*,
With Slaughter and Deſtruction cover'd o're;
And thy ſad Fame in horrour do's out-vie
Philippi's Fields twice-dy'd in humane Gore:

35.

Long was the Ballance even held by Fate,
Who did of Both the nodding Ruin poiſe
VVith mutual Slaughter, and alternate Weight
Of damage; Equal were their Griefs and Joys.

36.

Firſt *Yorkſhire's* cruel Fight ſeverely ſhakes
And turns the Scales of VVar, and *Naſeby's Field*
At laſt a VVound profound and mortal makes
Never by Art or Fortune to be heal'd.

37.

The reſt (ye Gods) permit me not to write;
But Lo! a wondrous and deformed Heap
Of Miſeries at once invade my ſight;
What Spoiles of War the Impious Victors reap.

38.

The *King* in a Poor ruſtic Habit dreſſ't
(*'Twas the firſt time he ever uſ'd Deceit*;
Though greatneſs ſtill his ſacred Looks expreſſ't,)
Flying the Foe, flies to a Foe as Great.

39.

What place will to the Conquer'd help afford?
A *King*, a *Gueſt*, a *Suppliant* in vain
Of his own-Country-Subjects aid implor'd:
Ungrateful men, perfidious and prophane!

40.

So do's the ſelf-wrack't Pilot freely leap
Into the threatning Waves he fear'd before,
From out the fierce Flames of his burning Ship,
Whom cruel Waves again to Flames reſtore.

41.

With Prayer's and Threats the Conquerours demand
The King as a juſt Spoil of War, detain'd
By fraud; ſuch Seeming proofs of Love they give
You'd think without their King they could not live.

42.

No leſs the *Scots* their zealous Love declare,
They to reſtore their Royal Gueſt deny,
And ſtifly urge and claim their right and ſhare
He's not ſo vile, but *England* yet muſt *buy*,

43.

Or not poſſeſſe him. O unheard of Shame,
Which will in vain to Future Times be told!
The *Potent Lord*, of Sea, and Land, became
A *Slave*; the *Maſter's* to the *Servant* ſold.

44.

Far be it that this great and horrid Crime
On your whole Nation (*Scotland*) ſhould be thrown;
Your Virtue did the Sin of part redeem;
And with much Blood for Crimes of Few attone.

45.

Scarce did the Arms hung up in houſes reſt
But a long Courſe of Civil war return'd ;
VVho by baſe Tyrants ſaw the King oppreſs't,
And made a Priſoner, but with Anger burn'd ?

46.

Scotland, though late it did thy Anger move,
And the juſt Rage of *Generous Kent* inflame
VVhich above life it ſelf do's Freedom love ;
And *Wales* which ſtill maintains the *Britains* Fame.

47.

VVhy ſhould I mention the unhappy Fights,
The trembling *Ribla* ſtain'd with humane Blood,
Or routed *Scots* who in their haſty Flights
Did ſtop the very Current of the Flood ?

48.

VVhy ſhould I *Medway* ſwell'd with Slaughter name
Or *Colcheſter's* long cruel Seige relate,
VVhoſe Courage greateſt Miſ'ries ne're could tame
And who deſerv'd a more propitious Fate ?

49.

VVhy ſhould I recollect the Glorious Fate
Of Lords who bravely fighting dy'd in Field?
Or their ſad ignominious Death relate
VVho to the cruel Victors Mercy yield?

50.

After ſuch Ruins, and ſuch Miſeries,
So many VVounds by advers Fortune given,
So much the *Pious King* did Life deſpiſe,
That he thought Death the greateſt gift of Heaven.

51.

But Oh! the impious and tremendous Deed
Can n're be curs't enough by after-times;
It Hells moſt ſharp Invention do's exceed
To find a Torment equal to their Crimes.

52.

I'th' Peoples ſight, the *King* from Priſon led,
On a High Scaffold, juſt before the Gate
Of his cheif Palace, bows his *Sacred Head*
To the *Hangmans hands*———

53.

Wounded on all ſides now poor *Britan* dyes
Drown'd in the Blood which from her ſelf did flow,
A *Headleſs*, nameleſs, deform'd *Carkaſs* lyes,
A *Monſtrous*, Lifeleſs, *Trunck* which none could know.

54.

Who would not hope (tho there was nothing leſs)
In Death ſoft Quiet, and eternal Reſt!
Lo! numerous vile Souls in Tumults preſs,
And ('ſtead of One to rule) the Limbs infeſt.

55.

Vile Sons of Earth by baſe Corruption bred,
Worms, poiſonous Inſects, and black Serpents croud,
And *Cromwell, greateſt of the Serpents* fed
Upon the very Marrow and the Blood.

56.

A noiſom Odor's through the World diffuſ'd.
Sin and Injuſtice Juſtice then became,
No Rains *Impiety now Reigning* us'd
To Fury, having paſs't the Bounds of Shame.

57. 'Twas

57.

'Twas counted Sport to see the Scaffolds fix't.
In every Street bedew'd with noble Blood;
To see in Pairs hangmen and Worthies mix't
O Gods! as Shows presented to the Croud.

58.

The good man's standing Mansion was the *Gaol*,
Th' Access to which with Crouds was early press't;
But weary'd Cruelty at length did fail,
And was compell'd a while to breath and rest;

59.

Insatiate Avarice no Cessation makes;
No Limits to it's violent Rage appear;
The Warriour often willingly forsakes,
But the Proscriber hardly quits the Spear.

60.

All that preceding glorious Kings had heap't
With a Magnificent and Sparing hand,
The noble Spoils in bloody Battel reap't,
And all the Riches by long Peace attain'd;

61.

What our Forefathers generous Piety,
And rich *Religion* in a ſplendid Dreſs
Did to the Sacred Altar's Uſe apply;
All the *Eſtates* the *Nobles* did poſſeſs;

62.

And thoſe whoe're of Loyalty and Lands
Were Guilty found, O wretched Avarice!
Not all theſe Riches could the Harpy-hands
Of the Tyrannic Sons of Earth ſuffice.

63.

Nor is't enough alone to take the Spoils
Of Gods, and the Kings Houſes; theſe unjuſt
And impious Men deſtroy the ſtately Piles.
Of very Ruin there's a wicked Luſt.

64.

In every place the groaning Carts are fill'd
With Beams and Stones, ſo buſie and ſo loud
Are the proud Victors, as they meant to Build,
But they to Ruin and Deſtruction croud:

65. Tim-

65.

Timber, which had been bury'd many Years
Under high Royal Towers, they invade.
'Tis ſure that Hand the Living never ſpares
Which is ſo wicked to diſturb the Dead.

66.

Then all the Woods the barbarous Victors ſeize,
(The noble *Nurſery* of the Fleet and Town,
The hopes of War and Ornaments of *Peace*)
Which once Religion did as Sacred own.

67.

Now Publick Uſe and great Convenience claims
The Woods from private Hands inviolate;
Which greedy men to leſs devouring Flames
Do for ſweet Lucre, freely dedicate.

68.

No Age they ſpare, the tender Elm and Beach
Infants of thirty Years they overthrow,
Nor could old Age it ſelf their Pity reach,
No Reverence to hoary Barks they know.

69.

Th' unhappy Birds, an ever-singing Quire,
Are driven from their antient shady Seats,
And a new Grief do's *Philomel* inspire
With mournful Notes, which she all night repeats

70.

Let them the Woods and Forrests burn and wast,
There will be Trees to hang the Slaves at last;
And God, who such Infernal men disclaims,
Will root 'em out and throw 'em into Flames.

71.

Mean while expell'd his cruel Country's Shores
The great *Carolides* through foreign Lands
Wanders, and Aid, alas! in vain implores;
Still cruel Fate his Happiness withstands.

72.

How did he suffer both by Sea and Land,
That *Pious Son* of an immortal Saint!
Chearful he bears the troubles Fates command
Till they grew weary, though he ne're did faint:

73.

The *Reverend Young Man* made Fortune yield,
And in due Courſe of time by Fate deſign'd
His Scepter which ſo faſt a *Tyrant* held
At laſt was gently to his Hands reſign'd.

74.

But before Fate the happy Signal makes,
Fierce and impatient unto Arms he flyes,
Deſpiſing Life, and courting Fame, he breaks
Through Seas block't up with hoſtile Ships and Ice.

75.

To a late hoſtile, ſtill ſuſpected Land
He goes; *The Oliverian Powers of Hell*
And Furies trembling and confounded ſtand,
To ſee great *Charles* to his own Kingdoms ſail:

74.

Impetuous Waves and raging Storms they raiſe,
In vain to ſink the Sacred Ship they ſtrive,
Their Thunder cannot violate his Bays,
In vain they ſtop the Ship which Fate do's drive:

77.

Vain is their Fear, ſince *Cæſar* it Conveys
Safely conducted by the Almighties Hand,
But yet not *Cæſars Fortune*; which to raiſe
Do's other Arm's (and yet ſcarce Arms) demand.

78.

In vain the *Scots* (now chang'd) invite the King,
Though They ſome Honour for that Action bore,
And thence a Man (by happy Stars) did ſpring,
Who did in Arms with Peace the King reſtore.

79.

In the mean time *Great Fergus greater Heir*
(Who's Right is from a hundred Kings deriv'd,)
Did to the Reverend Church of *Scone* repair,
And there the Antient *Scottiſh* Crown receiv'd,

80.

With an unlucky Sign, though great Applauſe,
The Crown not being in due manner plac't;
The Inſulting conquering Foe did rage, and cauſe
Diſturbance, and the Solemn Rights infeſt.

81.

But now his Royal Father's Murder fires
Charles with *Revenge*, *Juſt Indignation* ſtings
His Breaſt, Virtue incens't a Soul inſpires
Worthy the Off-ſpring of a hundred Kings.

82.

He ſcorns to be by an inglorious Siege
In the utmoſt Limits of his Kingdom ſhut
Nor ſhall the coming Winters Aids oblige
Him, whoſe great Faith is not in Mountains put.

83.

Wholly reſolv'd for War, He gives the Rains
To Fortune and his Courage, diſtant *Tay*
As his Confinement nobly He diſdains,
But ev'n with Death to *Thames* deſigns his way.

84.

The amazed Enemy is left behind,
Who of the Horror of this Action ſpeak
With Trembling and Confuſion of mind;
But Valour is without good Fortune weak:

85.

At length arrives the long, long wiſh't for Day
For which with Pray'rs and Tears the *Britains* ſue'd;
The King through thouſand Dangers of the Way
On *Severn's* Banks with a good Army ſtood;

86.

Thus far a Victor, better had it prov'd
If He Advances to the *Thames* had made;
The King himſelf this ſounder Counſel mov'd,
But powerful Votes, with Counſels mixt, diſſwade.

87.

Now, Warlike *England*, now's the time; To Arm's,
Defend the Son, revenge the *Father* kill'd,
(If Piety has yet prevailing Charms)
And your poor ruin'd *Country* now rebuild.

88.

England's ill Genius now alarm'd with Fears,
Who on the Ruin of Good men did dwell,
More vigilant than *Cromwells* ſelf, prepares
A Cruel Poiſon by the Arts of Hell;

89.

One of the ſleepy, cold, and fearful Snakes,
Sloaths Opium, which binds the Nerves with Cold;
Poiſon of griping Avarice he takes,
Which cloſe (*Torpedo*-like) the Hand do's hold:

90.

He Drops of *Lethe* mixes, every Breaſt
With theſe he ſprinkles, ſtrait moiſt Poiſon came
Upon them, and deep Lethargy poſſes't
England forgetting her own Health and Fame.

91.

Yet here true Courage did not *Charles* forſake,
Whom Fortune and his People now deſert;
Innumerous Foes ſurrounding could not make
Him yield, or Conquer his Heroic Heart;

92.

Witneſs, Ye *Hills*, not ſince call'd Red in vain,
And *Severn's* Waters ſtain'd with humane Blood,
And fatal *Worceſter* which did firſt ſuſtain
The War, and to it's Courſe a Limit ſtood.

93.

The last unwillingly he quits the Field
After a cruel Slaughter and the Flight
Of th' Army, last the Captive Town do's yeild;
And from near Hills looks back with Rage and Spight.

94.

In haste he recollects his scatter'd Men
(But few so great a Shipwrack scap't) to try
His extream Fortune, and at last regain
The Day he lost, or in it Nobly dye:

95.

The Valiant *Derby*, faithful *Wilmot* fam'd
For Armes, who both the *King* and *Charles* did love,
And *Buckingham* with Honour always nam'd
Prepar'd for both, this Generous Vote approve.

96.

Buckingham Valiant, Beautiful and Young,
A benign Star at home, and in the Field
Like violent Lightning, an *Achates* strong
Worthy to bear his great *Æneas* Shield.

97.

Ther's no Delay, with Fury they return ;
Nor is it *Hope* ſo much their Minds alarms,
But a brave generous *Deſpair* do's burn
Their Hearts, and drives them to unfortunate Arm

98.

Thus do's the King with a Few more, who know
(By Glory taught) that Death can never prove
Or to the Wretched or the Brave a Foe :
The reſt ſuch Noble Knowledge could not move ;

99.

Trembling their *King* and *Leader* they forſake,
Who in vain the Deaf do's court and animate,
In haſty Flight they all diſperſe, and take,
Inglorious Life before a Glorious Fate :

100.

Now, brave young Man, alas! in vain ſo brave,
Who can preſerve Thee every where beſet ?
What God himſelf can extricate and ſave
Thee (*Sacred Charles*) from Fortunes Cruel Net ?

101.

Yes, this great Miracle to *Charles* the Saint
The Eternal God who is Omnipotent
As a Reward for Martyrdom will grant,
And ev'n his *Pray'rs for Mortal Charles* prevent.

102.

There ſtands in th' utmoſt limits of the Eaſt
Of rich Salopia, a *Wood fair* by Name;
Now (though 'twas once obſcure and humbly bleſt)
No place is Brighter with the Beams of Fame:

103.

Hard by, a ſacred and auſpicious Pile,
White Ladies call'd, did the poor King invite
To Bread and Refuge (mighty gifts!) a while,
And here his growing Fate became more Bright.

104.

But not before he had put off the King;
Here weeping he diſmiſs't his weeping Friends,
No Tears do from his own Misfortunes ſpring,
Upon their Dangers all his Grief depends.

105. The

105.

The Gems and Gold which did ſo much adorn,
The Garter, and all Objects of Delight
He leaves, nor is St. *George*'s Image worn,
The Dragon vanquiſhing the Sacred Knight.

106.

His long, black, graceful Curls by Sciſſars fall,
Nor is't enough his Crown fell from his Head.
A poor Cloath Suit he wears, nor is that all,
He acted Poverty, and was poor indeed.

107.

Alas! too ſtrictly the great Monarch bears
Th' old Slav'ry of this Houſe; for he forſakes
All worldly Pomp, poor ſordid Cloaths he wears,
He cuts his Hair, of Friends ſad leave he takes.

108.

Now he's a *Monk*; ſoon after cruel Fate
Not ev'n a Houſe to cover him allows;
Then he's a *Hermite*; in a wretched State,
Alone, he hides among the ſhady Boughs;

109.

Yet even this curs't Fortune too denies;
From him the very Earth the Tyrant takes,
Scarce to the Fugitive a Tree ſupplies
A Seat, and in the Air ſafe Harbour makes.

110.

Under a cruel Sky in Wind and Rain,
With ſordid Hair and a more ſordid Dreſs
He ſits; great ſigns of Grief, but more of Pain
And extream Labour his ſad Looks expreſs;

111.

His Face a little too with Smutch is dy'd,
Yet in his Looks do's Sacred Brightneſs dwell,
Nor can his Majeſty diſguiſes hide,
Whoſe Beams all Darkneſs and vain Clouds diſpell.

112.

Some body comes, ye Gods, preſerve the King;
O all is well! the Gods to men are juſt,
No Traytor, but a Royaliſt they bring,
The valiant *Carlos*, faithful in his Truſt;

113.

He happily with Want and Danger preſs't
Is on this Coaſt by the ſame Shipwrack caſt.
O happy! O much more than *Cromwell* bleſs't,
On whom ill Fortune ſo much Honour plac't!

114.

He informs the King that all the Country's fill'd
With the Enemies Troops, in every Houſe and Grove
His *Sacred Head* at a ſet Value held
They ſeek, and near, now very near they move;

115.

What ſhould they do? They from the Danger ta
Raſh, haſty Counſel, yet from Heav'n inſpir'd.
A ſpatious *Oak* he did his *Palace* make,
And ſafely in its hollow Womb retir'd.

116.

The Loyal Tree it's willing Boughs inclin'd
Well to receive the climbing Royal Gueſt,
(In Trees more Piety than Men we find)
And it's thick Leaves into an Arbour preſs't.

117.

A rugged Seat of Wood became his Throne,
The bending Boughs his *Canopy* of State;
With bowing Tops the Trees their King did own,
And ſilently ador'd Him as He ſate:

118.

Hail, Heaven's *Care*, *and greateſt now of Kings*,
A horrid Croud of ſaddeſt Miſeries
From Thee no undecent Tears or Sorrow brings,
Or makes thy Reaſon Captive by Surpriſe.

119.

He's truly Great, who could at ſuch a time
Neither fear *Death*, nor yet of *Life* deſpair.
This is a Work ſo Noble and Sublime,
It cheifly do's a Royal Soul declare.

120.

If Fortune did your Kingdom baſely ſeize,
You Fortunes Kingdom from her Nobly gain.
A Juſt Revenger: ſhe will now have Peace
With him who conquer'd Triumphs do's obtain.

121.

The Gods are pleas'd so great a Pair to Joyn:
But you will be discharg'd the happy Birth
Of that fair Year is nigh; from Heaven t'will shine
Lighting with happy Stars the peaceful Earth.

122.

That glorious *Star* the shining Pomp do's lead
Than all the starry Host more gay and bright,
Which thirty Years before did Wonder breed,
And signaliz'd your Birth with sacred Light.

123.

Daring at Noon to exert the Lamp of Night
Boldly ith' open Face of Day it rose,
New Light portending by unusual Light
Did at Mid-day *Phœbus* himself oppose.

124.

Now once again with wondrous Light adorn
The Heavens, rise at noon, *Auspicious Star*,
Behold! your Royal *Charles* again is born
To vital Life, and to a pleasant Air.

125.

Behold! how gently *Monck*'s ſtrong artful Hand
The labouring Prince delivers, and removes
All Stops, he beſt this Art do's underſtand,
And to deliver troubled Monarchs loves.

126.

Great generous Prince, return to life again,
The beauteous golden *May* do's now arrive
And your *Birth-day*, ſo long deſir'd in vain;
Live, Generous Prince; again, Great Monarch, Live.

127.

O Joyful, Charming, and Propitious Day! (bleſt
Triumph of conquering Peace! when you moſt
Of Kings, through London made your glorious Way,
Mids't of three great Heroic Brothers plac't,

128.

Attended by a Noble ſplendid Train;
So many came this Triumph to behold
You'd think the whole World *London* did contain;
Numberleſs Leaves in Woods as ſoon are told.

129.

First all cry out, *He comes*; with one Consent,
Long live, King Charles, then the vast Tumult cries;
Methinks their Joys (which with such noise they vent)
In Whirlwinds drove, should Forreign Lands surprize.

130.

Joys make us mad; *Stoics*, permit our Cares
Now to be drown'd, and let short chearful Folly
At length impose an end to twenty Years
Of wretched Rage, and dismal Melancholy,

131.

Nor will the Island, which all o're do's burn
With festival bright Flames, now suffer Night
Succeed this Great Day in it's usual Turn;
All the Island burns, the Seas a round are light.

132.

I omit the Peoples Banquets, Songs and Sports
Their boundless Laughter and their Tears to write,
For extreme Joy, which not it self supports,
With Pleasure gently sheds Tears sweet and white.

133.

The Wines which from the Conduits freely run
Why ſhould I name? Rivers themſelves ſhould pour
(*Since the true golden Age is now begun*)
Good Wine, far richer than *Jove's* golden Show'r.

134.

Now golden Months, and a bright Chain of Years
Advance. Behold! from part of Heav'n ſerene
Peace ſcattering the Clouds at length appears;
Long Peace which had ſo long an exile been,

135.

Clapping her white Wings *Albion* ſhe imbrac't,
With her return'd *Shame*, *Plenty*, and *Good Fame*,
And *Piety* in decent Habit dreſſ't,
And *Juſtice*, which did *Britain* long diſclaim,

136.

Wit, and *Good Arts*, and charming *Liberty*
Which beſt do's flouriſh under *Pious Kings*.
To theſe the *Royal Mother* do's apply,
As great a Bleſſing; for Her Self She brings.

137. *Great*

137.

Great Mary comes after a Baniſhment
In her own Country long and ſad, 'tis ſtrange;
Love to her Husband was the Crime they mean't,
Now Heav'n do's Her reward, and Him revenge.

138.

Hail, Queen! your Sexes Ornament and Pride,
And Shame of ours, you both in proſperous Fate
And adverſe decently your Paſſions guide;
Your pious Tears Envy in Gods create,

139.

Your Husband *Charles* alone they envy, Heav'n
Thinks him to highly with thoſe Offerings bleſſ't;
You(while the Worlds Wheel is a round you driven)
Remain unmov'd, in Virtu's Center plac't.

140.

Now the moſt juſt of Kings applies his Mind
To Government, the gaping Wounds of Wars
With a ſure gentle Hand to cloſe and bind,
And by degrees to hide the very Scars.

141.

To reſtore Laws their Force and Majeſty,
To poliſh *ruſty Manners*, and redeem
The antient *Faith*, and ſincere *Honeſty*,
And the old *Glory of the Engliſh Name* :

142.

Such is the lately *return'd Maſters* Care,
Of his neglected Garden, which he finds
O're-run with Ruin, he do's gently pare
Luxuriant Plants, the Looſe and Wandring binds :

143.

He the Dejected raiſes and ſuſtains,
Much ſets, and much extirpates, all's redreſſ't ;
Vaſt is the Work, but ſweet ; for all his Pains
By growing Beauties are repaid and bleſt.

144.

Great King, your Gardens, Towns and Cities are,
To theſe you good and artful Culture give,
All in fair Order you diſpoſe with Care,
And ev'n the Woods your Favour too receive :

145. You

145.

You raiſe their Kingdoms waſted and oppreſſ't
Young Plants the places of the Old ſupply,
Poſterity beneath thy Shadows bleſ't
(*Thou beſt Protector*) will ſecurely lye.

146.

To you with chearful Gratitude they'l owe
Their Winter Fires, their ſummer Shades and Eaſe;
Their fixed Houſes too, and thoſe which flow,
In water, th' Oceans wooden Palaces.

147.

You now perhaps for Future Ages lay
Of Towns and *Fleets* Foundations ſtrong and deep,
Living great Triumphs you will reap, and may
Sow Triumphs which *Poſterity* ſhall reap.

148.

You forcing firſt your Way to Honour's name
Up the ſteep Hill where Glory do's proceed
To the bright Temples of exalted Fame
Your *Britains*, then from night exempt, ſhall lead.

149.

You ſhall the Watry World command, the Mild
And Quiet looſe, and bind the raging Sea,
By the whole World the *Ocean's Neptune* ſtil'd,
And your three Kingdoms ſhall your *Trident* be.

150.

What Madneſs is it, *Holland*, to contend
With *England* for the Watry VVorld's Command?
That *Scepter* nature did to her commend,
In vain you ſtrive to wreſt it from her Hand.

151.

VVith VVaves by nature Soveraign *Britain's* crown'd,
And *Amphitrite*, which another place
Only ſalutes in part, do's flow around,
And her beloved *Albion* embrace.

152.

Can you to th' Empire of the Sea pretend
VVho ſcarce with artificial Banks reſiſt
Th' inſulting Ocean's Fury, and defend
Your Towns, with his continual Siege oppreſſ't?

153. The

153.

The *High* and *Mighty Lords of Bogs* and *Fens*
(See how Ambitions fooliſh Hopes aſpire!)
Would on the Sea impoſe, but this Pretence
The brave *Carolides* with Rage do's fire.

154.

Lo! a *Dutch Fleet* cutting the empty Main
Triumphs o're the abſent as a vanquiſh't Foe:
He'l ſoon be there, (*fierce Dutch*) and then in vain
That you rejoyc't, you to your Grief will know.

155.

No ſooner did ſwift Fame the rumour raiſe
But *Valiant James* to Sea the Navy led,
(Profuſe of Life, and only fond of *Praiſe*)
With as much Haſt as after Fight they fled.

156.

When firſt the *Engliſh* at a diſtance ſpy'd
The *Belgic* Fleet, they rais'd a mighty Shout,
As when they long in furtheſt parts reſide,
At their return their Country they ſalute.

157.

The foremoſt ſquadron with a proſperous gale
Brave *Rupert* led, (his Valour long had won
Renown by Sea and Land) who did prevail
And break the Naval *Horns* o' th' *Belgic* Moon.

158.

Strait *James* oppoſes to his trembling Foes
The middle Squadron, ſtanding high in Sight
I'th' *Royal Charles*, a round his Head he throws
His naked Sword, and *Opdam* calls to Fight;

159.

Nor do's brave *Opdam* the dire Honour ſhun
Here fiercely the Dutch *Admiral*, and there
The *Engliſh Admiral* the Fight begun,
And horrid Shows for both the Fleets prepare.

160.

VVhy do you, *Opdam*, to your Ruin run?
This frantic Valour Heav'n do's not allow,
Is it Ambitious Pride that ſpurs you on
To 'a glorious Death by ſuch a noble Foe?

161.

You by a greater Hand ſhall ſuffer Death,
Heav'n a Reward for all your Crimes will ſend,
And will it ſelf revenge your broken Faith,
Heaven which always do's it's *Charles* defend.

162.

That great Ship which of Guns a Hundred bore
Of men Six Hundred, free from hoſtile Harms,
Blown up into the Clouds, did loudly roar,
Scattering Flames, burn't Fragments, Legs and Arms.

163.

Perhaps Juſt Heav'n with *true Thunder ſtrook*
The perjur'd Wretches, with revenging Hand;
Amboyna's Crimes, and Peace ſo often broke
No gentler Expiations did demand;

164.

Or elſe ſome accidental Fire did move
The Powder with reſiſtleſs Fury driven;
But Chance it ſelf directed from Above
Muſt be *accounted as the Act of Heav'n.*

165.

A Burning Shipwrack in the Sea do's float,
Terrible even to a pious Foe,
And to be pity'd; but they can denote
But little time to tender Pity now;

166.

Now in both Navies nothing do's appear
But horrid Tumult, all Confusion seems; (Fear
They Board; and the *Orange* nothing mov'd with
By *Opdam's* Fate, encounters *Conquering James*.

167.

Bold above all, and worthy *Opdam's* Fate
Did not the *English Bravery* require
The Action of it's own Revenge and Hate;
Down, down it sinks hissing with human Fire.

168.

Three Ships the *Fame*, much by the Goddess Fame
To be renown'd, and three the *Dolphin* burns
With a fierce Show'r of Sulphur and of Flame,
Which in a moment Ships to Beacons turns;

169. There

169.

There ſeems a Captive Town in Flames by night,
So many Fires from ſeveral Places broke
At once, ſuch *Pyramids of horrid Light* (Smoke
Pierc't through the Clouds and Darkneſs of the

170.

Who would imagine Fire ſo great a Sway
Should in the Empire of the Water bear?
Juſtly for Shame conceal'd the Waters lay,
They hid with Heaps of ſcatter'd Ruin are.

171.

With Sail-yards, Maſts, Planks, broken Beaks, and
Ropes, Flags, and Arms, and Carkaſſes of men, (Sails
And men half dead, a Purple Dye prevails
(Where the Sea's open) and conceals the Green.

172.

It were an endleſs Labour to relate
All the Ships ſunk and taken in the Fight,
To tell the many kinds of various Fate
Which were in that one Day expos'd to Sight;

173.

In various ways Addreſs, and Wit appear,
Almoſt *Poetical Variety*
Of ways, by which Chance uſes Mercy here
To ſome, and there to many Cruelty :

174.

Three young men Noble both in Parts and Blood
A brave Example to the World did give,
Who at once fell as they together ſtood,
And by one Bullet did their Death receive ;

175.

All three almoſt but the ſame *Carkaſs* were,
Three Brothers lying in Death's fertile Womb
Together ; Now who would not Fate declare
Cruel, and *Barbarous*, in this monſtrous Doom ?

176.

But ſhe is kind withal ; for next 'em ſtood
(Joys ſo near Danger trembling I declare)
The *Royal Admiral* ſprinkled with their Blood,
As free from Wounds, as he was free from Fear ;

177. With

137.

With greater Vigour he the Foe purſues
Burning with Grief and new-excited Rage,
At length the *Dutch* though truly *brave*, refuſe
The *Engliſh*, with juſt Fury fir'd, to' engage.

138.

The broken Remnants of the cruel Fight
Fly ſcatt'ring through the Sea, whom *Rhene* admits
At length, and ſeeing ours purſue their Flight,
Trembles with Horror, and his *Horns* ſubmits:

FINIS.

An Erratum.

PAge the 23d. For Sloaths Opium, *read* Opium of Sloath.